

BOMBPROOF

*A Weekly Paper Devoted to the Interests
of U. S. Army General Hospital No. 18*



Courtesy Z. V. Rogers, Photographer, Waynesville, N. C.

Captain Milton D. Jewell, M. C.

Formerly Detachment Commander, U. S. A. General Hospital No. 18

Vol. 1. No. 30

Published by and for the Enlisted Men
of U. S. Army General Hospital No. 18

Feb. 8, 1919

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—o—

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BOMBPROOF



Published Weekly

Vol. 1. Number 30

Waynesville, N. C., February 8, 1919

Price 5 Cents

No. 18 to Move But Details Unsettled

**Transfer to Camp Wadsworth
Likely—Col. Brooke Makes
Visit Here**

New developments in the mysterious case of "The Disappearance of U. S. A. General Hospital, No. 18," are coming thick and fast, but nobody seems to be the wiser. As yet nothing final can be stated except to say that we really are going to move, and that not a rumor appears but has had its contradiction within half an hour of its birth.

Wednesday morning a flying visit was paid to the hospital by Colonel Roger Brooke, new head of the Tuberculosis Section of the Surgeon General's office. Colonel Brooke's trip was not in the nature of a general inspection. He was here but an hour, while taking a hasty swing through the Southern hospitals, for a survey of the medical property and for conference with Major William G. Turnbull, the Commanding Officer.

No definite recommendation was made by Colonel Brooke nor have any orders yet been received as a result of his visit. This much has come out, however: that the hospital will not be moved to Azalea. It has been learned that the 500 new beds recently added there, as well as all previously opened, will shortly be occupied by overseas convalescents, thus disposing of one hydra-headed tale.

All indications now point, says Major Turnbull, to the transfer of No. 18 to the Base Hospital at Camp Wadsworth, South Carolina. This camp has been demobilizing for several months and is now practically empty except for one large and well-equipped hospital in perfectly usable condition. It is planned to make of it a general

Valuable Service Given by Red Cross

**Waynesville Chapter, Through
Home Service and Hospital
Sections, a Godsend to Boys**

Working through several committees and by innumerable practical and kindly means, the Waynesville chapter of the American Red Cross has proved itself one of the most loyal supporters and best friends of all the soldier and sailor boys and of those of U. S. A. General Hospital, No. 18, in particular.

An especially valuable type of work is being done by the Civilian Relief and Home Service Section of the chapter. This committee works in two directions: for the families of Waynesville men who are in the service away from home, and for the families of men and the men themselves who are stationed at this hospital either as patients or Detachment men. In the former way the Red Cross has been of service to scores of mothers, wives and dependents of men in the service either in France or on this side, and has practically made itself responsible for their welfare, assist-

(Continued on page 12)

hospital for reconstruction work with convalescents. It is probable that the organization of No. 18 will go to Spartanburg as a unit, if at all. Orders have already been received for the transfer of all patient nurses to the Camp Wadsworth institution, and this will soon be undertaken. Whether the enlisted patients, officers and Detachment men will go there remains to be seen. It is within the range of possibility that some discharges may be granted when the breakup occurs.

Many Ward V Men Returned to Duty

**Forty-four Patients Leave Way-
nesville for Various Camps,
Soon to Be Discharged**

Forty-four men left General Hospital, No. 18, this week for camps where they will shortly be discharged. These men all came here sick and after a period of treatment are returning to duty to be discharged into civil life as well men. This hospital was established here solely to accomplish these results and the fact that it is turning out well men regularly, proves that it is doing its work assigned.

The men who left this week are:

For Camp Gordon: George Callahan, Alvin H. Hughes, William Johnson, Tommie Eagle, Louis McDowell, Manuel Ferrell.

Camp Lee—Moses Caster, John D. Livesay, Samuel Warrick, Ernest G. Harris.

Camp Dix—Howard Clinger.

Camp Sheridan—Toulon Desmond.
Camp Greene—Clyde Guion.

Camp Taylor—Archie Gullett, Zebidee Hopkins, Will Travis, Robert L. Coin.

Camp Wadsworth—Reed Harris, James Weathers, Claude Reeves, Samuel White, Burrell R. Wells.

Camp Dodge—Paul Harmer.

Camp Gordon—James E. Hodges.

Camp Shelby—Whitson Murry.

Camp Travis—Martin Christensen.

Camp Lewis—Harold Holman.

Camp Grant—Michael McMahon, Clarence A. Halla, Edward A. Held, Bert Lee Church.

Camp Pike—John H. Sanders.

Camp McClellan—Dewey Thompson.

(Continued on page 12)

OFFICERS' NOTES

New Arrivals on Hospital Staff

Captain Abraham Trasoff, M. C., who has been engaged in board work at Camp Meade, Maryland, has reported for duty. He is assigned to Ward VI. Captain Trasoff's home is in Philadelphia.

1st Lieut. William C. Colbert, M. C., who arrived at the hospital last week, is assigned as Commanding Officer of the Medical Detachment. He will be assisted by 2nd Lieut. Elmer B. Clark. Lieutenant Colbert came from Camp Greenleaf, where he was in charge of transportation.

Capt. Edward P. Eglee, Ward Surgeon of Ward VI, has been granted a ten days' leave of absence to visit New York City and New Orleans. We anticipate that he will have to go some to get them both in, but considering that he does not expect to be alone all the time, he may be able to accomplish the trip with competent assistance.

Capt. Milton D. Jewell, former Detachment Commander, did not leave General Hospital, No. 18, quite as soon as he had expected. He thinks that the Quarter Master at this post should be called the "Full Master."

Wanted—A guide who knows the way to Eagles Nest. Kindly bring your credentials with you.

LIEUT. COLBERT.

QUINLAN HOME HAS BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS

Visitors in Waynesville cannot fail to notice the beautiful home of Mr. Charles E. Quinlan, with its charming landscape setting on West Main street. Perched on a knoll which overlooks the valley on both sides, and from which the mountain ranges of the entire neighborhood are visible in their majestic splendor, the house has one of the finest locations conceivable. The natural beauty of the grounds is enhanced by rolling lawns and a curving driveway, alongside of which are planted long rows of spring crocuses, which are just now beginning to show their little yellow heads. Mr. and Mrs. Quinlan are prime movers in the civic welfare of Waynesville and in the work of the local Red Cross.

FOUR RECONSTRUCTION AIDES ADDED TO STAFF

Four new Reconstruction aides have arrived at U. S. A. General Hospital during the past week to take up the ward and bedside work with the patients and to assist in the commercial and shop work at the Curative Work Shops.

Miss Olive P. Hough, formerly supervisor of manual training and drawing at Haddonfield, New Jersey, has been placed in charge of the work in the Annex ward, and besides carrying on the usual work of basketry and raffia, expects shortly to initiate work in drawing and cartooning, chip-carving and bead-making. Miss Hough obtained her technical training at the Drexel Institute and School of Design and the School of Industrial Art, Philadelphia. She has had long and varied experience in wood work and carving.

Miss Martha S. Smith, of Buffalo, New York, has been supervisor of drawing in the public schools of Phillipsburg, New Jersey. She is teaching the regular lines now being carried on at the hospitals, and hopes also to start courses in book-binding, wood-carving, and other work. She received her training at the Albright Art School of Buffalo.

Miss Stella E. Hicks has been supervisor of drawing at Nutley, New Jersey. She will teach all the branches given here, and has specialized in drafting. Her home is in Hartford, Conn., and she was trained at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

Miss Bess Klinesmith has come to take up the commercial and business branches in the Curative Workshops. Her home is in Spokane, Wash., and for the past year she has been doing secretarial work in Washington, D. C., with the railroad administration. She will teach bookkeeping, typewriting, and shorthand.

JOBLESS SOLDIERS TO BE RETAINED IF THEY WISH

No soldier who desires to remain in the military service pending his obtaining satisfactory employment will be discharged, if he makes known his wishes. Circular No. 34, issued by the War Department Jan. 23, 1919, instructs commanding officers to take steps to insure that every enlisted man in their commands understands thoroughly that the War Department does not desire to discharge any soldier who cannot secure civil employ-

Ward I

Sergeant Storey says, "My job was some mess when I took charge."

Lieut. Stringfellow, the busy man in our ward, says: "Let's hope and trust old U. S. General Hospital, No. 18, is to be permanent."

The Old Soldier must have had some girls in his time. He burnt enough old love letters.

Where is Wilson, light duty man? Clean up out front, Wilson.

Corp. O'Brien will evidently take charge of our men now that Sergt. Storey is leaving. Have a heart, corporal.

Mishirki says it is good to be back with all his old friends again.

Privates Lutton and Hagler both look downcast these days. Cheer up, boys, it may not always be thus.

We certainly will miss Daniel Boone, bringing in rabbits every morning.

Coons is looking forward to looking into eyes of blue at home soon. Don't get too serious, Coons, you're young yet.

Phillips says there is no place like Philadelphia. Here's hoping you get to go there for good, Phillips.

ment. The words of the circular are as follows:

"It will be made clear to every soldier that in place of being discharged as he would normally under orders for demobilization, he may remain in the military service upon his own written request until such time as he can secure employment. The fact that he requests to remain in the army temporarily does not in any way operate to compel him to remain in the service for a long period of time against his will. Any man who would normally have been discharged had he not expressed his desire in writing to remain in the service, may thereafter be discharged from the service at his own request, whenever he thinks he may secure employment. All men who are retained temporarily under this authority will be attached to the most convenient unit and where their services will be most useful."

An Afternoon in Haywood County Court

On Monday afternoon, as a member of the staff, with little else to do, with a number of other soldiers, I looked in on the court when a trial was on of a young fellow for selling a quart of whisky for flu purposes for the sum of \$5. A soldier, who was not on the stand, was said to be a witness to the transaction and "stood on the bridge," nearby, but not at "midnight."—Pvt. Joseph Eberl.

2:30—Court opens. Jury enters and is seated. Judge appears, takes a drink of water and seats himself.

2:45—Nothing doing. Second man from left, back row of jury, pulls bottle from inside coat pocket and drinks something—probably medicine. End man first row picking teeth, and end man second row, getting tired, holds up his head with both hands.

3:00—Lady stenographer deeply in thought, waiting for something to happen.

3:02—Fourth jury man in back row taking a nap.

3:05—Solicitor still reading off names.

3:06—Grand entry of Kaifer Moody. Judge, at ease, manicuring his nails.

3:07—Calling Chief Mitchell up Main street from second floor of Court House.

3:09—Second jury man, first row steps down and another takes his place.

3:10—Trial opens. John — called on witness stand.

Charge: Bought one quart of whisky at \$5.

"What did you buy it for?"

"For my sister—she had the flu."

"How much did you give her?"

"A pint."

"What did you do with the rest?"

"Well—I drank it, I reckon."

"How did you know 'nobody was home?'"

"I knocked three or four times and got no answer. What did you want me to do, knock the door down?"

3:30—Chief Mitchell called on witness stand.

Being asked how he found out, said:

"A soldier told me" (cooly picking his teeth and grinning).

Being asked another question, "I don't recollect."

3:43—Father of boy on witness stand.

"Your boy ever indicted before?"

(Answer objected to—Court sustains objection).

3:45—Mr. McWhite takes stand.

"You know about the character of this man (who bought the whiskey)?"

"B-a-d" (scratching his head).

Upon being asked another question:

"I might think it up" (rolling his hat).

With testimony of several more witnesses, case now goes to jury.

5:01—Attorney addressing jury:

"Chief Mitchell didn't tell his story."

"It's the funniest thing these police officers never recollect anything."

5:10—Second attorney for the defense to jury:

"There's something in every town for policemen to get against everybody accused."

5:15—Said the third attorney:

"If the state had any confidence, why is not Will Whitener here?"

"Where is Will Whitener, and why isn't he here?"

(Facing solicitor) "Brother solicitor, where is that soldier boy?"

5:30—Prosecution opens case to jury:

"Now listen—."

"We're not trying Chief Mitchell."

"Somebody's character is good and somebody's character is bad."

"I thought Mr. Rogers had a load of liquor and that's why I went up there."

"If the Chief is what was said, he should be removed from office."

"Mr. Whitener is in Hazelwood with his sick family."

"I thought you gentlemen were through," (being interrupted by the defense).

5:35—Mr. Whitener enters the court room after the skirmish is over.

5:40—Judge addresses jury.

5:45—Jury retires.

6:00—Court adjourned.

Note—The jury disagreed.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

By Lieut. Col. John D. McCrae

(Written during the second battle of Ypres, April, 1915. The author, Dr. John D. McCrae, of Montreal, Canada, was killed on duty in Flanders, January 28, 1918).

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

AMERICA'S ANSWER

By R. W. Lillard

(Written after the death of Lieut. Col. McCrae, author of "In Flanders Fields," and printed in The New York Evening Post).

Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead,
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing overhead,
Where once his own life blood ran red.
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught,
The torch ye threw to us we caught.
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders fields.

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Waynesville, N. C., February 8, 1919

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON!

The days continue to pass, but the thunderbolt still holds off. Not even Faithful knows for a certainty what is going to happen. The kaleidoscope of rumor and denial changes so rapidly that even old Descartes, with his maxim, "I think; therefore I am," would have been hard put to it to be sure of his own identity in the midst of such a turmoil as this. Nothing is certain except that everything is uncertain.

In the midst of such a situation advice may be an impertinence, for most people have long ago learned not to jump to conclusions when you're "in the army." But if there is a word to be said on the subject, it is, "don't get excited." Special cars to take us all to Paradise or some other place are not going to happen on the spur of the moment. We may go to anyone of a dozen places, but we haven't yet. In the meantime, life must wag along somehow. Even army hospitals can't run on hot air. So there is no use lying down on the job, whatever it happens to be, or believing every new one we hear. Let's make our last few hours, days, or weeks in the "land of the sky" the best. Let's keep the hospital on the map until the SGO takes it off, and let's make the people of Waynesville feel the warmth of our gratitude for the hospitality and the kindnesses they have poured upon us without stint.

—c—
THE C. O'S.

The United States government did a great and a just thing when the

War Department recently took steps to mitigate the conditions of imprisonment of its political prisoners, commonly known as "conscientious objectors."

Of the comparatively few American objectors (a fact which in itself testifies to the quality of the ideals for which the war was waged), some 5,000 or 6,000 in all, the great majority were disposed of by the original policy of the War Department, which was to offer non-combatant service under military orders to men who, upon hearing before an impartial tribunal, were proved to be consistent and sincere objectors. Several hundred more, who refused this kind of service, were willing to avail themselves of the privilege of "farm furloughs," which allowed them to perform agricultural service under private employment at a time when such work was sorely needed to ration our population and that of our allies. The remainder, not over 500 individuals, has constituted the crux of the problem before our War Department, however. These men are extremists, who refuse to wear a uniform, to sign papers or do the simplest act under military orders. The great majority of them are religionists of various small and primitive sects. Comparatively few base their objections on philosophical or economic grounds. These men have been sentenced by courts martial to varying sentences of from one to forty years in military prisons, at Ft. Jay and Ft. Leavenworth.

Extremists deserve an extreme punishment, say some. But do they?

The War Department has officially recognized the ineffectiveness of such a policy, when it revoked the orders for the manacling of political prisoners, and discharged certain officers whose barbarism in their administration of punishment to such prisoners was surpassed by few Prussian atrocities during the war. These Mennonites, Shakers, Dunkards, Friends, and the like, are human beings. They have not attempted to obstruct the majority will of the nation. They have claimed only the right to act according to the light of faith within their own souls. We may argue with them, give them "water cures" until they faint, laugh at them, despise them, but the true objector never surrenders. He is driven by an inner compulsion. We cannot understand their state of mind, perhaps. We could not have made war if we had. But the point at issue is not whether the objector is right or wrong. Obviously he is not a criminal or a degenerate. The ques-

tion is whether the United States of America can treat them in a manner commensurate with the greatness of the democracy which it professes and for which it fights. Nations, as individuals, are known by their ability to hold their tempers under fire. Revenge is the easiest policy the world knows. Children and savages take to it naturally. Even-handed justice is hard to maintain, but it is the hallmark of true nobility.

—o—

WAYNESVILLE, THE BEAUTIFUL

It is strange, indeed, that you do not read more in geography and history of Waynesville and vicinity. It is undoubtedly because the beauty and general location of Waynesville is not well known to the average writer. Travel where you will east of the Mississippi and you cannot find a more beautiful spot than Western North Carolina, "the land of sunshine and flowers." In picturesqueness and rarity of landscape it is unequalled in America. That is a broad statement but it is nevertheless true, for although the mountains may not be as high and the valleys as low, they possess a subtle beauty that more than equals the lofty peaks of the Rockies. Even now the peaks of the Smokies are crowned with a velvety snow that glistens like diamonds in the sunshine, while here in the valley it is almost like summer. Looking up the mountains we behold spots of evergreens which, blending with the white peaks give the whole scene an aspect of almost supernatural beauty. Perhaps some of us were unable to see these beauties because we were here as soldiers, and some as patients, but it is safe to say that when we return home we will often look back to the days we spent here and will long to see the beauties of Waynesville again.

—E. J. F.

MISS ATKINSON PLAYS

AND SINGS FOR PATIENTS

The entertainer at the regular weekly musical hour for the patients last Friday morning was Miss Dorothy Atkinson, of Asheville. Miss Atkinson has a clear, sweet soprano voice, considerable ability with the guitar and piano, and a charming personality. She sang in the Main building, the Annex Ward, and the Nurse's Ward, to her own accompaniment, a variety of selections, including several striking coon songs. She visited in Waynesville for several days, being entertained while here at the Miller House, and by Mrs. J. W. Reed.

DETACHMENT NOTES

It seems terrible that most every-one who applies for a discharge is granted one but Mason. O death, where is thy sting?

* * *

Sergeant McBride, the wild Irishman, is in the field for an affectionate young woman and will consider all applications, color only being barred. We can't imagine why it is that he is calling for volunteers, but of course there must be a plausible reason.

* * *

Exclusive rumors concerning the closing of this hospital will be furnished anyone who visits the "Y," providing, of course, that you swap. An eye for an eye, and so forth.

* * *

Now, fellows, be square and confess. Don't you wish you had been nicer to some of the nurses on duty here, after seeing them perform in that minstrel show? Didn't think there was so much talent in the crowd, did you? Neither did we.

* * *

And after the show, some dance, believe us. Some C. O. we have, too.

* * *

LOST—One former desire to get up in the morning. Finder please notify Sgt. Buck, Detachment office.

* * *

One morning last week, our energetic First Sergeant accidentally heard reveille, and jumping into his boots and raincoat, very much excited ran out, and found the men forming a line. Blowing his whistle, he shouted: "Count fours! Where's the fire?"

* * *

One of the K. P.'s remarks that if beer were drung out of a bottle, he'd be a baby all of his life.

* * *

Fasig—How will I ever get home? Ginsberg—Don't worry, there are zoos everywhere.

* * *

Boys, do you all know that Greasy Barrett is going home on furlough? Some of the boys are wondering how he will ever reach home, but that is a mere trifle, as he can slide the entire distance.

* * *

After what we saw walking with Mason the other night, we don't wonder at all that he wants to go back to Alabama.

* * *

The faithful latrine is the Stock Exchange for all unofficial rumors. It

is too bad that there is no printing press down there as all the dope could be printed and sold.

* * *

We hear that Ralph Fowler has permission to marry. This getting permission stuff is like asking for a black eye. Recently in the mess hall one private was kidding another and the second private says, "Watcha doin, suckin aroun for a black eye?" The first private got up and asked the following, "Gee, do you have to suck around fer it?"

* * *

Sammy Grossman has a unique way of getting shirts that fit. He waits until some big fellow gets a new one and has it washed two or three times, and then it is entirely too small for him but just large enough for Sammy. Then he trades for an old one that can be turned in. He figures that as a way to save the laundry expense.

* * *

"Checkers" Gallagher sure can move around that old checker board. Open to meet all comers.

* * *

Last week there was some mention of "Motor Transport" Schrang being in the hospital and that the Detachment men were all with him, meaning of course, our wishes for his speedy recovery. But Schrang evidently was in a very peculiar mood when reading BOMBPROOF, as he states he was alone. Says he didn't see any of the Detachment with him.

* * *

Someone said that the dispensary would make a first-class dietitian office. How about that, Mitchell? Soft-boiled eggs, toast and butter!

* * *

Sgt. Foley never breaks the speed limit gathering up the mail—only when it is raining. Then he puts on his hob-nails and you should hear them click.

Sgt. Martin: Going to town, Swett? No, Eddie. I have a little business I gotta tend to.

* * *

Waynesville evidently wasn't as extensively advertised in Napoleon's time as it is now—if it had of been, Napoleon would have been sent here instead of to St. Helena.

* * *

We appreciate the fact that the people of Waynesville want us to remain here quite as much as they appreciate our money after pay day, but our

thoughts are homeward turned now that the "war is over." Human nature again!

* * *

Have you heard about the "Civilian Committee" spending their vacation in Washington? Don't worry, boys, we have a Master Hand at the wheel.

* * *

Pvt. Mason says, "This isn't the Land of Sky," it's the "Land of the Exile." Righto, old man!

* * *

Another of our married men was handed a discharge this week. Poor devil! Seems too bad that while the war is over for most of us it is just beginning for some. However, he belongs to that fighting unit (Q. M. C.), that have distinguished themselves in so many hard-fought battles—especially the Battle of Pay Day—and if that same fine spirit is maintained in the battles to come, we feel sure our apprehension is needless.

* * *

If some of the boys here would exhibit as much "pep" every day as they do when we have a dance this old place would sure hum!

* * *

If there is anyone in this Post who doubts that Sgt. Martin has a neck three feet long, let them sit behind him at the next "White Guard Minstrel."

* * *

The papers say there are about ten thousand American soldiers unaccounted for. Why don't someone notify Washington and tell them there are about 400 in Waynesville?

* * *

Sergeant Jack Stevens of the Post Exchange had a pleasant surprise this week when his brother, serving in the Quartermaster branch of the navy, stopped off to see him while on his way home. George Stevens was a member of the crew of the "Dinner Key" and was stationed somewhere near Florida. Not having seen each other for 13 months, this naturally has been a fine week for both of the brothers.

* * *

It seems circumstances decree that Mitchell and Swett occasionally get their "pates" in the limelight—even to the extent of having them used for foot lights on the stage. Their presence added greatly to the effect of the indirect lighting system employed Saturday night. More gloss to 'em.

THE WHITE GUARD

A Department Conducted by the Nurses

The nurses who took part in the Minstrel Show wish to thank: first, Mr. Banks, who did so much to make our entertainment a success; then Mrs. Franklin, who was untiring in her efforts to have the music go right; then those composing the orchestra, who "filled in" most pleasingly during the play and for the dance afterwards; then Privates Thomas and Murray, who so effectively applied cold cream and black and red grease paint, not only before the show, but also helped get it off. The boys who served punch and cookies added the last touch to the evening's pleasure. To them all we are most grateful.

—o—

Misses Sherman and Dillon have moved to their new quarters, Pirates' Den, situated at Murphy Junction.

—o—

A "Tent Swarming" was given Wednesday afternoon and dainty refreshments were served, after which several joined in and played progressive bridge.

—o—

When out for a hike, Miss Sherman is the one to guide you. She believes in going right to the point and straight up—no round about trails for her.

—o—

Who is the popular one in Skeleton Lodge and where does all the candy come from? Remember candy isn't good for T. B.'s.

—o—

Miss Palmer of the Nurses Ward met with an unfortunate accident Thursday evening. She dislocated her knee-cap when returning from the moving picture show at the Red Cross House. Some movies, eh, Edith M.

—o—

Skeleton Lodge, get busy, we are still waiting for that promised House Warming. We want a "coming-out party before "going-out."

—o—

Miss Donovan, this isn't the Great White Way and you might just as well settle down to the simple life while you are a T. B. We can't have a party every night, Chief says so.

—o—

Miss Johnson expects to leave the service soon. She says the only thing she's lost in Waynesville is her appetite. Finder please return to Nurses quarters and receive reward.

The Rooster's Dilemma, or Alice the Egg-Eater.

The Rooster paused in thought, head bent:

"Things are not as they should be; Many eggs are received in Dew Drop tent,

Not a chick has come back to me."

"Now where are the eggs, and where are the chicks?

The hatching seems quite late. Some one sure must be up to tricks—I think I'll investigate."

"The dinner bell rings; the time seems right

To solve the mystery, To the tent I'll go—it is my right Those chicks should belong to me.

Back to the tent runs sweet Alice And faces the Rooster brave Screaming with voice full of malice "Get out! Get out! You old knave."

"Sally brings me those eggs at day—A dozen or so every day, Oh leave them to me, I've so much at stake.

Please! Please do go away!"

So the Rooster went back to the hen-coop,

Alice swallows the eggs as of yore—Enough for an army of brave troops, Wishing she'd room for more.

Why are Mack and Joe so exclusive? There are others of us who like to eat pig's feet.

—o—

Misses Dillon and Sherman declared that their birthday was January 27th. What is the penalty for forging date of birth? Surely they don't want two years added instead of one.

—o—

The evening passed all too quickly, helping us to forget, for a while the cloud of impending departure from these surroundings, which seems to be overhanging us ready to burst at any moment. Should we be swept away by it, we shall carry with us most pleasant memories of all our kind friends in Waynesville, and since "Hope springs eternal in the human heart," here's hoping that the parting is still far distant.

—o—

Notice:—A good looking soldier with three stripes on his right arm, escorted two ladies home from the Red Cross performance Saturday evening. When last seen he was carrying a Japanese parasol.

Could this possibly have been Sergeant Williams?

—o—

We want to know if Skeleton Lodge is taking in lodgers.

White Sale Now Going On

. . . AT . . .

THE PARIS

GOOD EATS

Just across the bridge from the Post Exchange. General Hospital, No. 18, boys will always find a welcome here. Come once and you will come again. I also prepare and serve GAME for the boys.

O. A. YOUNT

A TRIP TO CHEROKEE INDIAN RESERVATION

(Editor's Note.—Sgt. Lewis H. Platt and Corp. Ray W. Finke made an expedition recently to the Cherokee Reservation near Bryson City, N. C. The following account of their adventures is contributed by Corp. Finke. It is an interesting suggestion of the enjoyable trips that can be made within a comparatively short radius of the hospital.)

The train came and we were off through the beautiful mountains of the "Old North State." First we climbed up and up and up. Like a great boa constrictor the train wound its way through the mountains, ever going higher and higher until we reached the divide. Then like a hawk we shot for the bottom again, and



Cherokee Women

sometimes it seemed that we must surely be in an airplane, sailing across the mountains.

Twelve o'clock found us at Bryson City, and just across the street stood a large hotel.

After eating a fine dinner, we walked about town until two o'clock, when we then took the train back to the little village of Ela, where the Cherokee Special Limited was waiting to take us to the reservation. I wondered why they called it the "Limited" and Sergeant Platt said, "Because its capacity is limited to six Indian and three white persons, and

its speed is limited to five miles per hour." The capacity was filled on this trip. There were two Indian women with their red handkerchiefs and shawls, one Indian man with a large chicken feather in his hat. One Indian woman came in with a papoose on her back and skillfully landed him in her lap, as she sat down.

A man about 40 years old and his bride were taking their honeymoon and were out to see the "sights."

Professor Henderson, superintendent of schools, at the Reservation, was on this train. After stopping at several farm houses, we arrived at "Cherokee" proper. On first alighting all that was in sight were two stores on each side of a river with a cable footbridge across it. Indians were as thick as red birds in a wheat field. I asked Prof. Henderson where we could get a comfortable place to spend the night, he said, "Sure, just go with me, and I will see that you are well taken care of." When I turned around to see if Sergeant Platt was coming, I found that he was nowhere in sight. After searching for a few minutes I found he had taken up with a beautiful Red Rose and when I came up, behold, he was talking to her in her own language. I am naturally a strong man but the next thing I knew I was lying on a board with my head in the arms of another Rose Bud, just as beautiful as the first, who was bathing my face with cold water. I was some time trying to figure out what had made me faint but had the presence of mind to close my eyes as if I were still unconscious. While the water was cold, I knew why Sergeant Platt had been so determined to come.

After everything had been adjusted we followed Prof. Henderson across the cable bridge and up the river a short distance, where the school grounds lay before us. There were about 20 buildings which look like handsome city residences. All newly

(Continued on page 9)

White Guard Minstrel Show Great Success

Nurse Corps Entertainment Featured by Catchy Songs, Dances and Costumes

Entirely original, with an intermingling of snappy jokes applicable to local notables, was the delightful little semi-minstrel show presented last Saturday evening at the Red Cross House to the personnel of General Hospital, No. 18, by the duty nurses.

The audience was hugely delighted at the antics of the performers, which made up in spontaneity what they lacked in professional finish. Though their appearances were ebony, their dialect in no way resembled that of the dusky tribe, and the few members of Dark Town's horde present, were unable to appreciate the performance, owing to the fact that it was not pulled off in their native lingo. But the Lady Minstrels nevertheless made a hit and the crowd, which filled the hall to its capacity, was continuously kept in an uproar of applause and laughter.

"Red Cross" aBnks, the efficient and able stage manager, manipulated the curtain call and right well did he do it. It is rather difficult to enumerate the various features, but one which scored heavily was the Spanish interpretative dance by Miss Hood. Marjorie Wright, bedecked in a girlish gingham, with her hair in plaits, sang very becomingly a childish song, and on the encore sang a love song entitled, "O Jerry, Where Art Thou?"

Doc Hammer was the announcement man, made a spectacular appearance and the Hammer Orchestra furnished music, Mrs. Franklin playing the piano for all songs. Sergeants Mitchell and Swett, of course, were in the front row, and we dare not make further comment on this fact.

Other prominent features of the show were Miss Merry's Scotch costume songs, Miss Clyde walking the tight rope, and the Misses Johnson, Palmer and Sheehan in a song entitled "I Don't Care." Harriet Morris, in a beautiful contralto voice, sang "They Go Wild Over Me."

After the entertainment a dance was given by the White Guard, the chairs being removed from the hall. Refreshments were served, consisting of punch and cookies.

"Where do we go from here girls,—
"Where do we go from here?"

HUNGRY?

Go to JONES' CAFE. The best of everything to eat
Cooked and served clean. Prices reasonable.

J. H. Jones' Cafe

Good Coffee a Specialty

--

Near Depot

A. L. A.

Miss Duren, library supervisor for the Asheville district, and Miss Gregory, resident librarian at Oteen, last week attended a library conference at the Library of Congress in Washington. The relation between the American Library Association and the various other war activities agencies was discussed by the heads of those agencies whose headquarters are at Washington.

Major Monahan of the Surgeon General's office, spoke in detail of the educational work in reconstruction hospitals and with appreciation of the co-operation between the American Library Association and the office of the Surgeon General. Marion Jackson, representing the Navy Department, mentioned library service rendered at ports of debarkation, on board transports, to the smallest trawlers, and to the most remote coast guard stations. The committee on War Camp Activities was represented by Major Joy, who emphasized the value of the A. L. A. in taking the soldier's mind away from the routine of camp and hospital through the medium of books and magazines,

thereby hastening his return to civil life.

Our library representatives made visits to two of the larger reconstruction hospitals in the United States, the Walter Reed Hospital at Washington, a hospital for general surgical cases, and the hospital at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, devoted chiefly to shell shock and facial cases. Stopovers were made at Camp Greene and Camp Wadsworth, which are gradually demobilizing. Steps were taken for securing additional books and equipment from these demobilizing camps to be transferred to the Asheville group of hospitals at Oteen, Kenilworth, Waynesville and Hot Springs in the very near future.

PATIENT DESIGNS LAMPSTAND

Private Abraham Levy, of Ward III, has recently completed a very handsome and usable lampstand, under the direction of Miss Bertha Thompson, Head Reconstruction Aide. The stand is of raffia about four feet high, and has a broad base and tall, narrow body. It will be given a coat of shellac, provided with an ornamental shade, and will then present a most finished and workmanlike appearance.

SOLDIERS ENTERTAIN

A very pleasant evening was spent last Sunday at the home of Mrs. Palmer on Pigeon street, who acted as hostess. A number of duets were given by Pvt. Bailey (banjo) and Pvt. Rogen (accordeon). A number of solos were rendered on the zither by Pvt. Joseph Eberl. Vocal duets were given by Miss Sue Lindsley and Pvt. Dornan, accompanied by Miss Fredericka Quinlan on the piano. Miss Nannette Jones and Miss Alice Quinlan sang, "I'm Glad I Made You Cry."

The feature of the evening was a surprise sprung by Pvt. Harold Gantert, by introducing a picture chart of an old folk song called "Schnitzelbark." It consisted of a number of very amusing articles, which were pictured thereon in rhyme form. The chart was hung on the wall in full view of the guests. Pvt. Eberl, with a long stick, pointed to the comic pictures and was followed in song by the chorus, which consisted of Pvts. Gantert, Fasnacht, Dries, Bailey, Rogen and Mrs. A. C. Springs. It was probably the first time that this song was heard here and it caused a riot of fun and laughter. Following this, light refreshments were served.

Pepsi-Cola

NOW MADE FROM PURE GRANULATED SUGAR SYRUP, THE SAME HIGH QUALITY IT WAS BEFORE THE WAR. IT IS SATISFYING, DELIGHTFUL, HEALTHFUL

Be a Pepsi Drinker

Our Slogan **S** TETSON SERVICE SATISFIES

We are prepared to take care of all your wants in the Tire Line. For Passenger Cars we have the Michelin in both Cord and Fabric. Also the Low Priced Guaranteed National.

For Trucks there is nothing better than the Republic Produm Process Solid Tire. Bring your truck to us in the evening after the day's hauling and we will have it ready for you the next morning.

Our Vulcanizing Department can save you many a dollar by repairing your old tires and tubes. Bring them in and let us look them over. Inspection free.

Stetson Tire Co.

Broadway and Walnut Sts.
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Y. M. C. A.

Mr. A. P. Beckett, better known as "Old Faithful," has returned from a 10 days' trip to southern Florida. While away he visited St. Petersburg, Braden Springs, Tarpon Springs (his home town), and several other places of interest. The boys were all glad to welcome him back in view of the fact that many uniforms were badly in need of repair. Faithful has been plying his needle as dexterously as a woman ever since his return. When asked about his trip, about the only reply he gave was that he wished he had not gone. The boys are wondering why? Dry trip?

—Y—

Mr. Paul E. Bryan, the "Y" secretary from Kenilworth, spent two weeks assisting the new secretary, Mr. Sentelle, while Mr. Beckett was taking his vacation. Mr. Bryan received a telegram calling him to New York, and will sail for France in a few days. Mr. Bryan made many friends during his short stay here, and the good wishes of the boys follow him.

—Y—

The thrice-a-week movies at the "Y" tent continue to attract capacity crowds. The boys are always at home in the "hut," and they smoke and comment on the pictures while they are shown, and enjoy unhampered freedom. The "hut" is the most democratic place to be found. All are cordially invited to come as often and remain as long as convenient. The two secretaries are ever ready to do anything in their power to add to the comfort of the boys.

—Y—

Checker playing has become the most popular recreational activity at the "Y."

A TRIP TO CHEROKEE INDIAN RESERVATION

(Continued from page 7)

painted and in perfect condition. Some were one-story bungalows, some two-stories and some three. No two were alike. They were situated on a small hill and were in two rows running from north to south and about 400 feet from the river. The lawn in front was covered with beautiful green grass, and the great mountains at the back seemed to stand up as if they were as proud as a peacock is of his beauty. To the northeast is a long valley through which the river winds



Sgt. Platt and Two "Little Playmates"

its way, and far in the distance were the Balsam peaks, covered with snow.

We took this all in as we walked to the other end of the row of buildings. At the third house from the end, Professor Henderson stopped and said, "Boys, go on to the last house, walk right in, and turn into the first room to your left." We found this to be an elegant parlor, steam-heated and electric-lighted. We soon had the piano going, and in a short time the school teachers began to come in.

PATIENT'S WIFE DIES WHILE IN WAYNESVILLE

Mrs. R. L. Smith, wife of Private Raymond L. Smith, a patient in the Annex Ward, died last week of pneumonia following influenza. She had come to Waynesville to be near her husband, and had been here but a short time when she fell ill. Everything possible was done for her by the local medical attendance and the Red Cross, but without avail. Private Smith's home is in Marysville, Kansas. The body was accompanied on its last journey by Nurse Anna G. Merry. The sympathy of the hospital goes out to Smith in his bereavement.

This is the great Cherokee School. We found that there were 200 Indian cupids bearing the dates, W. E. M.-live in these buildings, go to school during the school season and then go back into the mountains to their homes until the next school year. The building where we were, was the lady teachers' home. There were about ten of them, and after eating a bountiful supper, we went to a party given to the children. After the party we were informed that the "newly weds" had the guest chamber and we would have to go up and sleep with the Indian boys. Here we found awaiting us a spotless room with two cots and were soon in dreamland.

After eating breakfast at 6:30 next mornings, we spent the time until 12 o'clock in the mountains, taking pictures. Sergeant Platt talked most of the squaws out of their baskets. After dinner we started back to Ela, and as the "Limited" does not run on Sunday, we walked the six miles to Bryson City, and just caught our train for Waynesville, by running about a quarter of a mile. Two tired and muddy, but happy boys, came in that night and the next time Sergeant Platt goes back to the Reservation, I shall insist on going with him.

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BUILDERS MATERIAL
FEED AND COAL

"Quality, Price, Service"

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

Phone 43

Depot Street

Ask Dad, He Knows

How to cook good things for the boys

Not high priced, either

WHITEHOUSE CAFE

Around the Corner on Depot Street

Micky's Philosophy

Dear pal george:

Well, george, we are gointa brake camp surenuf this time and we are goin to sum place in S. Karoliner. Camp Wadsort. If Camp Wadsort is wot they say it is, i wanta stai hear. But i suppos its army all over. Even that guy Mason is talkin movin caus thats his only chancet to get out of the land of the ski.

Well, george i wisht you cud have sean that Minstril show wot the noises gave. It sure was good. Had all the noises in clowns uniforms and wid black all over thare face. Some of them looked good too. Not becus they had black on, o no, becus they had nice uniforms. Miss Johnson an Miss Pollmer an Miss She-Hen was grate—like some of our stoves—caus they sang "If i cud onlee marry the guy i luv." An Miss Merry was fine, too, she was all drest up like Harry Louder's sister.

More of them married guys is gettin discharges, one guy is Kris Kautz, he thot he was joakin Uncle Sammy by askin for a relees and he got fool-ed caus he wus handed one quicker then any one else. Now he'll hafter

go out an get a regular job and everyting. He ust to run the steam roller when it was not in the ditch and I kno its goin to be lonsum witout him cus it can't run much witout gettin ditcht. We're all sorree he seperated himself from us. Heerafter heel eet his meals mostly in Nu Yok.

George, lessons can be had in the barrackse in any wop languages between 9:30 p. m. and revilly. Them guys never stop tokkin. One of them was tokkin the other nite and some one says to him if he new wot was a fine site and he says no and som other smart guy pipes up—i do—and he says wot is it and the smart boid says—A bote lode of corporils sinkin. Sum guys are natcherilly clever an oders just becum that way from bein in the army.

We got a fellow hear who is the champeon at sleepin. He kin sleep a week at once and then only get up fer his sigeret stump. He says any damm fool can go to sleep but it talks a good man to waik up when he wonts to.

A fellow in our compny wot was sick last week named Smitty says he took so manee pills, he feals like a'l his joints had bol-barings. Hes oll rite now an is goin out to work dis morning, i don't blame him, i'd wurk

evry dai to keap frum takin pills and caster oil. Well, george, like as not, i'll be hear next time i write an if i don't, i'll let you heer from me at our new stashun. talk cair of yourself an be good, to yerself and my frends, as ever,
MICKY.

RED CROSS HOUSE PUBLISHES HOURS

The following schedule for the use of the Red Cross House is published with the approval of the Commanding Officer:

Hours—9 a. m. to 9 p. m. (except by special permission of the Commanding Officer).

Evenings—Monday, debate or community singing; Tuesday, moving pictures; Wednesday, quiet evening; Thursday, moving pictures; Friday, social evening; Saturday, dancing (alternately, officers, nurses and enlisted men).

Sundays—9:30 to 12, religious services; 2 to 5, visitors; 6:30 to 8:30, open.

Business hours, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

The house will be closed daily between the hours of 5:30 and 6:30 to arrange the seating for entertainments. Moving pictures begin at 7 o'clock.

At the Post Exchange You Get

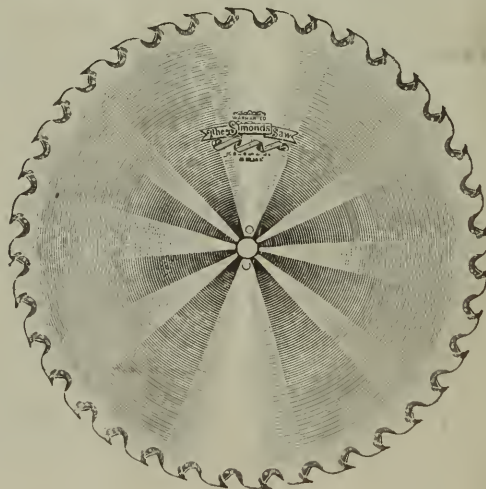
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"The Ice Cream Supreme"



CAROLINA CREAMERY CO.

Superior Milk Products.



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Simonds No. 22 Cross Cut?

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WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

Soldiers and SailorsWhen you get to
Asheville go at
once to the**Red Circle Hotel**

370 Depot Street

Turn to the left and One Block up.

Official Information
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**C. G. LOGAN
Auto Company
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SHOES

SOLDIERS!

if you are going home on a furlough
and want a nice pair of shoes, see us.
We are the folks that can suit you.**Lee & Brown
Company****Soldiers
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STEAMER TRUNKS and SUIT
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At reasonable prices

We are agents for Edison Phono-
graphs and Records. Give us a call.**Blue Ridge
Furniture Co.****THE
Mountaineer-
Courier**is the leading weekly
newspaper in this
end of the state.**\$1.50 the Year**A good advertising
medium.**U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL****No. 18****Buys All Fish and Oysters**

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ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

Ask Joe Witz.**CRYSTAL CAFE
SYSTEM**

No. 1—32 Patton Avenue

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No. 3—16 N. Pack Square

Asheville, North Carolina

VALUABLE SERVICE

GIVEN BY RED CROSS

(Continued from page one)

ing financially when necessary, in sickness, by furnishing information, securing insurance and allotments, and in communicating with their soldier boys.

The work for the men of the hospital has been no less helpful. Boarding and rooming places in Waynesville homes are located for the wives and families of patients who come here to be near their men. Some 20 or 25 individuals have been placed in this way, and all sorts of calls have been met. Mrs. Charles E. Quinlan is chairman of the Home Service Section, and Miss Hilda Way is its secretary.

Through another committee on hospital work, of which Mrs. J. F. Abel was formerly chairman, a vast number of useful things have been made and presented to the hospital. Mrs. W. C. Allen, wife of the Assistant Field Director, is herself a member of the local chapter and is thus able to keep its membership in touch with the needs of the hospital. Hundreds of garments, including warm nightwear, knitted things, and ward bags have been contributed. During the influenza epidemic a special emergency committee was formed which made large numbers of face masks and other essential articles for the use of the hospital. Calls for particular things which are needed or desired by the patients are constantly being received, and the Red Cross stands ready to furnish anything a sick boy may want, just as well as if he were in his own home.

This splendid and unselfish service is furnished gratis by the more than 600 members of the local chapter. Any person in the military service, whether officer, enlisted man, patient or nurse, is welcome to call upon it. But the bulk of the work is always for the benefit of the enlisted men, whose needs are naturally more extensive.

It is impossible to say too much for the work done by the Waynesville chapter.

As the nation returns to a peace footing, it is well to remember that every town, county or community in the United States has its own chapter and home service section, standing ready to serve the soldiers and sailors in any possible way for a year after their discharge. The Red Cross will also co-operate in bringing men who need training into contact with the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

Heard on the Street

Dick:—See the pretty calf. It can't be more than two weeks old.

Donny:—Oh! Can he walk so soon?

DIVINE SERVICES

Mass will be celebrated at 9 o'clock Sunday, February 9, in the Red Cross Building.

Rev. John B. Mullin, Chaplain.

MANY WARD V MEN

RETURNED TO DUTY

(Continued from page one)

Camp Sherman—Otto Mertz, Harry H. Williams, William Schramm, Claude Overshiner, Benjamin Backus, Isaac Markowski, Louis Jackson, Frank L. King.

Camp Greenleaf—Marcus Williams, John W. Bailey.

Camp Upton—Ewen Donovan.

Camp Meade: Stanislaw Mancewicz.

BOY HOWDY!

When you need a haircut or shave,
: try one of our skilled barbers :

City Barber Shop

(SANITARY SHAVERS)

TRAVELING?

Suit Cases and Hand Bags

McCRACKEN CLOTHING CO.

"One Cash Price"

SOLDIERS OF THE U. S. A.

The Royal Cafe

can and will give the best EATS in town at REASONABLE PRICES. Or we will make up lunches and send them out.

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Opp. Depot

Phone 63

Waynesville, N. C.

A Laundry That Offers a Double Service

THE MODEL WHITE STEAM PRESSING CLUB CAN GIVE EFFICIENT SERVICE IN LAUNDRY WORK AND IN CLEANING AND PRESSING. THE LAUNDRY IS CLOSE TO THE HOSPITAL, BEING ONLY A STONE'S THROW FROM THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS WHILE OUR CLEANING AND PRESSING ESTABLISHMENT IS IN TOWN, RIGHT ACROSS MAIN STREET FROM THE POST OFFICE

Pressing

AT our cleaning and pressing rooms we have every facility for cleaning uniforms as well as civilian clothing. We can clean khaki by a process that leaves the cloth almost the original color. The pressing is done by hand and machine, and we have an expert seamstress to do the sewing and mending. Here we have facilities for making uniforms and civilian clothing. Give us a trial.

Laundry

IN our laundry we can clean almost anything from handkerchiefs to O. D. blankets. The modern methods and up-to-date machinery thoroughly cleanse the cloth without injuring or tearing its texture or shrinking the material. The work is carefully done from the time the clothes come inside the building until taken away. The white auto is our delivery wagon. Send your clothes by it or bring them.

Model White Pressing Club and Steam Laundry

LAUNDRY: KILLIAN STREET

PRESSING CLUB: MAIN STREET (Opposite Waynesville Hotel)
PHONES 15 AND 15-N

"Good Morning, Mr. Zipp, Zipp!"

Haircutting and Washing
Shaving and Massaging

This is what we do and in the most skilled and sanitary methods in Waynesville.

**All Expert Barbers at
MASSEY, EVANS BARBER SHOP**

National Bank Building, on Depot St.

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Outfitters to

MEN and
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Everything to Wear

See Our Big Shoe Stock

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Wholesale Dealers in

Groceries
Tobacco
and
Cigars

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Photographs

It would be a pleasant surprise to your friends and relatives if you could drop in upon them right now. Send your photograph! It is the next most personal presentation of yourself. If your sweetheart loves you, it will make her heart flutter when she receives it. And what joy it will bring to the dear old parents?

Regular Studio Photographs that
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Smaller photographs, the kind with picture upon it's face, for \$3.50 per dozen, and postcards for \$1.50 per dozen up. Come now.

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Real Kodak Finishing—the kind
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By 1929 will you know the taste of
success?

Or will you look back and feel the
vain regret of not having saved?

We offer every encouragement to
those who wish to save and succeed.

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